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view from the bottom

VOL. 1 NO. 8 OCTOBER 16 1969 CHICAGO ISSUE

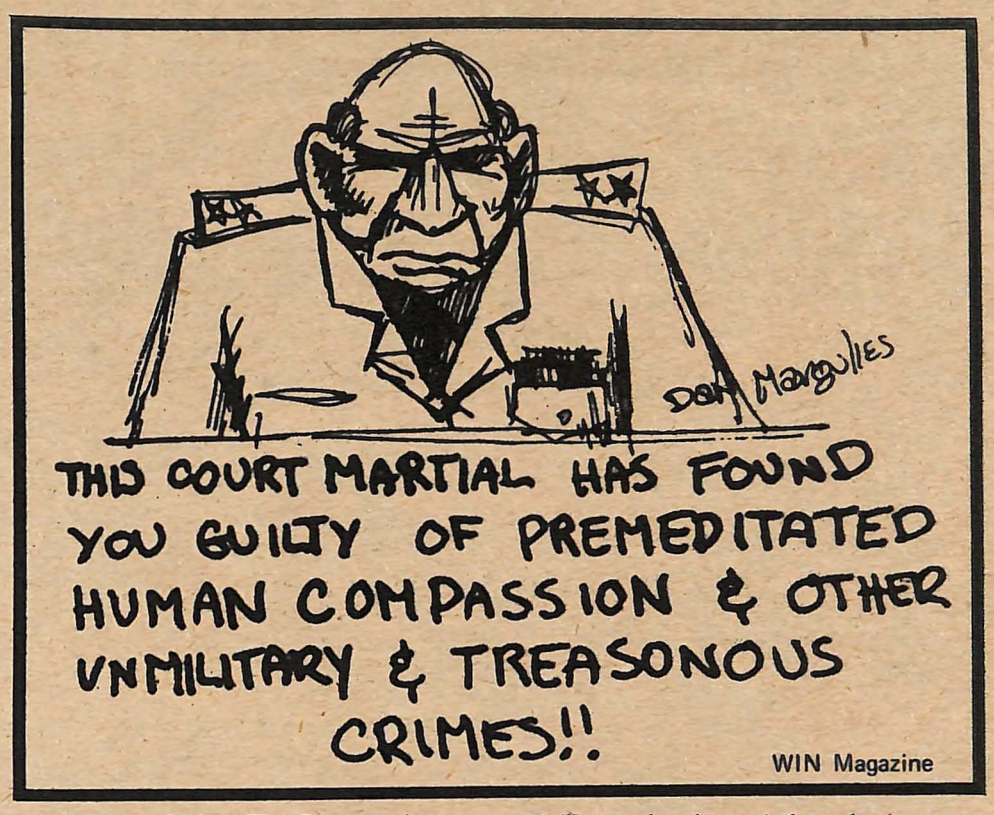
GASEOUS DIX

Charles Draper

Seven thousand demonstrators gathered at Fort Dix on Sunday, Oct. 12th to support the demands of the GIs for their basic human rights. GIs face probably the most brutal oppression of anyone in this country and therefore any opposition to the authority which oppresses them is likely to meet with the most brutal response. That is the way that the stockade system is used. The U.S. Army keeps its ranks in line through the use of a system of fear and brutality. In recent months more and more GIs have decided to stand up and stop taking the shit that they are handed and the stockades are getting incredibly overcrowded. The tight army discipline of patriotism and heroism is being shown for what it really is -- the systematic crushing of a soldier's humanity and freedom.

Last June 5th a rebellion broke out in the Fort Dix stockade because of the intolerable conditions and the inhuman treatment of the prisoners by the guards. Nine hundred men were being held in a prison that was built to hold two hundred and fifty. Most of these men were in for going AWOL, because in the army having a good time and resisting the machine that crushes you is a punishable crime. They have to keep them on base with the threat of the pound, because every GI knows that he's being screwed and that the war this country is fighting with the blood of its young is the real crime. The men were forced to stand in the sun for five hours and wait another three hours for dinner, without enough food or utensils to feed them properly. One GI stood up and requested water for the thirsty men and was thrown in solitiary confinement for insubordination. That was too much for those men to take and they rebelled. They set mattresses afire in the barracks and destroyed property.

The Brass can't allow men to stand up for their rights. They eventually charged thirty-eight men with crimes that could mean up to sixty years in jail, and for some a possible death sentence. They said that these men had conspired to incite that riot, when actually the people who systematically forced the prisoners into a position so degraded and dehumanizing that they had to rebel were the wardens and the guards of the stockade. The Brass can't put up with those who want to be men more than they want to be soldiers.



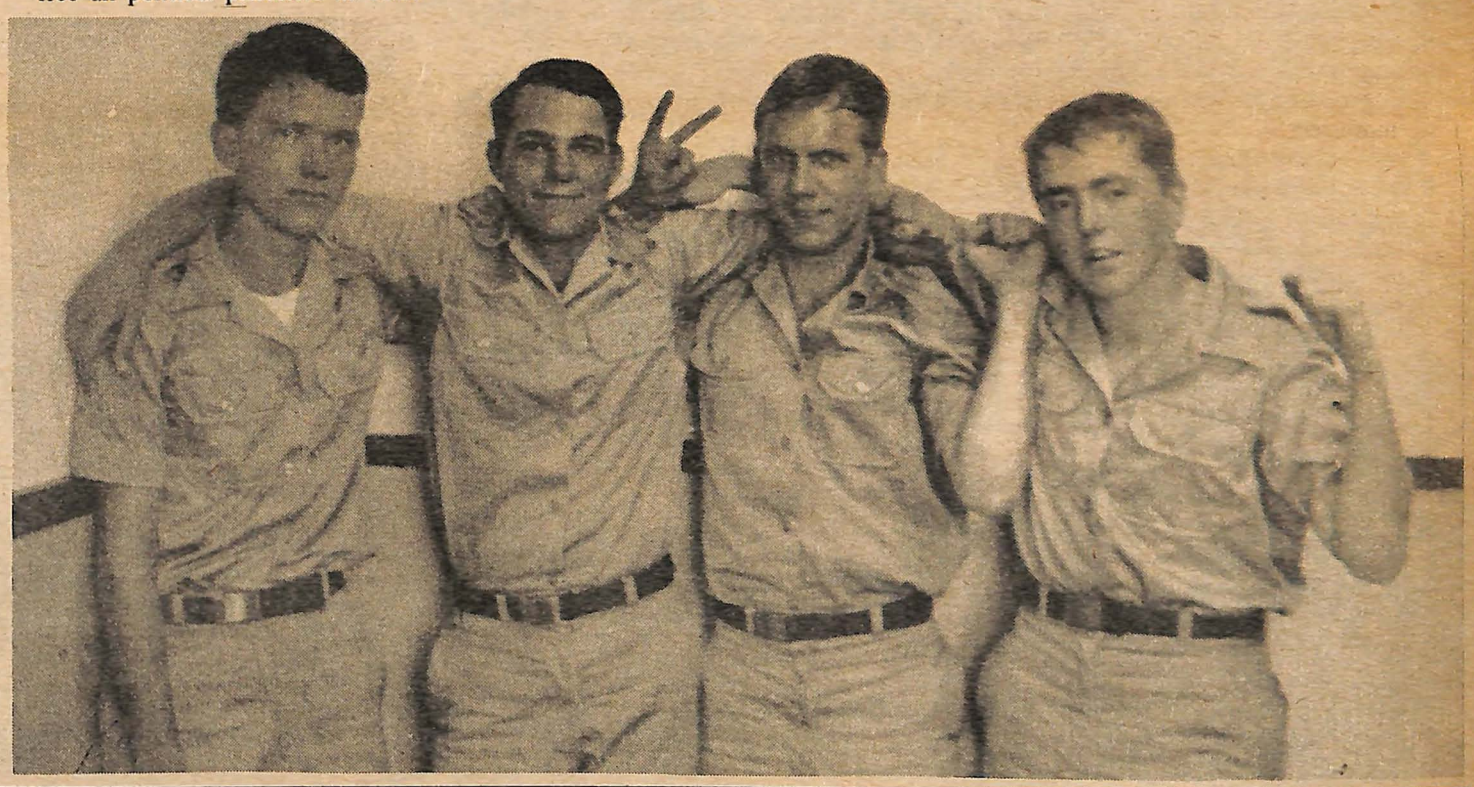
WIN Magazine

The purpose of the demonstration was to show the GIs that they have brothers in the struggle against their oppression. Each demonstrator was expected to interact individually with the GIs and explain why they were there, why they wanted to abolish the stockade system and free all political prisoners in both civilian and military jails and why they felt that the war in Vietnam was so horribly wrong. We marched about a quarter of a mile onto the base and finally came up against a line of riot-squad MPs. The U.S. Government sees fit to use CS gas against its own citizens although it has been banned from warfare by the Geneva Convention. Seven thousand demonstrators got a taste of what the Vietnamese get everyday as they were herded -- blinded, gasping and vomiting -- off the base by the pigs of the Brass. The rest of the march was carried out in face of the clubs and M16s held ready by the MPs that lined the rest of the parade route.

GIs had been organizing for this demonstration for seven months and the effects that it will have on the soldiers and their struggle should be tremendous. Demonstrations like this were held all across the country at army bases. Half of the men at Fort Dix were shipped off the base for the weekend and all the others were confined to barracks. The MPs who confronted the demonstrators were shipped in the day before from Fort Meade because the army couldn't trust Dix's own MPs. Ninety men were released from the stockade earlier in the week and 375 more were released the day before. The fact that the Brass was so frightened that the men should hear our ideas and be aware of the support their struggle has among the movement in this country is the main victory of the march. The GIs saw what kind of power the people can have when they unite against their oppression and they aren't likely to forget it.

LNS

Four of the Fort Dix 38



joan baez, daybreak

....Here we are, waiting on the eve of destruction with all the odds against any of us living to see the sun rise one day soon.

You, Dear Reader--

You are Amazing Grace.

You are a Precious Jewel.

Only you and I can help the sun rise each coming morning. If we don't, it may drench itself out in sorrow.

You- special, miraculous, unrepeatable, fragile, fearful, tender, lost, sparkling ruby emerald jewel, rainbow splendor person. It's up to you.

Would it embarrass you very much if I were to tell you.. that I love you?

Dear sirs (?!)

I was browsing through *Rolling Stone* and came across an article which highly commends your rag. Would it be too much to ask you for a free copy? Or do you have better things to do?

Chris Fuchs

P.S. Try and spell my last name right. I think it's rather amusing, but my mother doesn't. But then, who cares what my mother thinks?

I realize that it seems to like a long time for me to be away for a month, but it has been a relatively short time for me. Here's a summary of my trip: Don and I got to Philly in two rides. We stayed there with people from resistance. After a few short rides out to the highway the next morning, we got to Indianapolis in two rides. The second one was from the west end of Penn to the house we stayed at in Ind. I enjoyed Indianapolis. The people I stayed with were very friendly. I worked on the Free Press there. Also became friendly with a radio DJ who took me on a seven hour tour of his record collection. I got to Iowa pretty easily. I didn't realize I was crossing the Mississippi till I was on the opposite side. Didn't do very much in Iowa. After four days, I continued my journey alone. Had a couple of long rides.

TWO, THREE, MANY VANGUARDS

Don Steed

"Custeristic," Revolutionary Youth Movement II called Revolutionary Youth Movement I, who called RYM II "running dogs" who called RYM I "right wing adventurists," who called RYM II "bourgeois conservatives," who called RYM I "elitist revisionists," who are also called the Weatherman and who decided upon bringing the war home to Pig City.

The war didn't quite make it home because what the pacifists have hoped for almost came to be: Weatherman called a war and almost nobody came. Strange bed fellows. Funny, too, that all of the SDS movement centers were in religious institutions of some sort. For some like Garrett Seminary it will be the last.

Weatherman promised a People's Liberation Army of 10,000, 500 showed up, RYM II promised 20,000, 2,000 came. The reasons are many. First the split in July between the Worker Student Alliance and the others. Then the further split in August into Weatherman and RYM II. WSA actively opposed a Chicago action, Weatherman and RYM II actively opposed each other's action and the students who were supposed to act were confused. That's the second reason.

Nobody knew to what extent Weatherman was serious. Local SDS chapters had little time to sort things out and different organizers told them different things.

Weatherman ideology and tactics proved to be a major reason. White student elitism and failure to involve the working class as the basis for a revolution cut them off from support by the Black Panther Party and the Young Lords organization who supported RYM II. Their tactic "We have to go on the offensive-- not just fight back" was not just revolutionary rhetoric but their basis for assaulting with sticks and stones the bastions and symbols of imperialism and racism in Chicago. As a tactic it seems little more than a strange revitalization of Stop the Draft Week-- 1967 and the early dream of the Resistance to fill the courts and jails. The Women's Militia even attempted to stage a march on the Induction Center reminsicent but for the sticks and pipes of the "We'll say yes to men who say no" era.

A fourth reason that so few came to the war is that it was called only by SDS with no broader support and no efforts to solicit that support. No McCarthy liberals, no Yippies (who didn't even seem to know there were several SDS's.), no other movement groups even. Mark Rudd's politics of rudeness is scarcely as news catching as Abbie Hoffman's politics of satire. With the NLF calling for massive, broad-based action, both SDS factions missed the boat. Ironically the Moratorium came much closer.

The weeks preceeding the action had seen constant harassment by Chicago's finest blue meanies: 24 hour tails on the organizers, sexual assaults and insults as when Bernadine Dohrn was arrested, invasion and destruction of the Lincoln Park West offices of Weatherman, RYM II, Young Lords as well as the headquarters of the Black Panther Party. All within a three week period and on the pretense of arrest warrants. It all combined to absorb valuable organizing time and energy as well as create a city of paranoiacs. Moreover, it furthered the intense and personalized hostilities between the cops and the movement.

Mostly though, the cops had learned a lesson from 1968-- do it away from from the cameras; and that's how it was all week. They harassed the organizers organizers to the point of breaking but granted permits for the marches and rallies. They put huge bails ($10,000) on many of those arrested but avoided gas, clubs and general public provocation during the two major clashes. The Weatherman fell in line almost cooperatively and found themselves reacting publicly and violently to the quiet yet blatantly fascistic cops.

Naturally the press picked it up differently this year. Only one newsman was assaulted (a better record than ghetto rebellions) and the visible offensive was taken by Weatherman not the cops. When violence erupted the papers said things like "Radicals go on Rampage," and "Radical Hoodlums Attack Policemen," etc.

The numbers were small but some good things happened nevertheless. Weatherman showed that even the Chicago police and Illinois Guard could not protect big business and capitalist institutions from even poorly disciplined and organized militant action. While the timing and overall tactics were bad, it did point up the inability of the mother country to control even her own when when confronted with organized opposition.

RYM II actions were planned to show solidarity with the working class and and oppressed peoples. They did that. A beautiful thing happened on Thursday prior to a rally at International Harvester. The plant walked out. Not in opposition to the rally but in support of it. Can you imagine a wildcat walkout at Olin Matheson for the Moratorium? Not a chance! Without arrests and beaten heads the workers withheld half a million dollars in profits from International Harvester. Weatherman at the cost of over 250 arrested, countless injured and hundreds of thousands of dollars bail and legal fees did about $100,000 damage, all covered by insurance!

There were two marches Saturday afternoon. Weatherman through the Loop, and RYM II--Young Lords through the near West Side Puerto Rican areas. You read and heard about the Weatherman action but the West Side march starting at Chicago's People's Park was fine. No permit had been issued but it took only 2,000 marchers to convince the cops that the streets belonged to the people. An organized, militant march took place with chants of "Free Puerto Rico," "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, NLF is going to win," "Power to the People."

The other important aspect of the week's events which was a flop was the attempt to build mass support for the Conspiracy 8. Earlier at the beginning of the trial New Mobilization and others brought out 10,000 for a rally at the Federal Building. SDS, (both) the Black Panthers, and Young Lords managed to bring about 500. Attempts to relate the revolutionary struggle to the trial were ineffective.

Two things must be clarified concerning the week's events. First, contrary to the implications in the capitalist press RYM II is not the "less

Weatherwomen on the march Barbara Rothkrug/LNS

violent" branch of SDS. Use of violence was not at issue in Chicago, nor is it a consideration in RYM II ideology. The question was simply, how does a largely student movement involve the working class in a revolution which ultimately must be brought about by workers and not a student elite. Weatherman claimed that if they as the vanguard showed the workers that one *can effectively battle the cops then working class youths would follow their example. RYM II, also claiming to be the vanguard (One, two, three, many vanguards) claimed that a coalition must be built between workers* and students and that is done not by battling cops but by organizing in factories, in oppressed communities and attacking capitalism with a mass movement.

Finally, much has been made of Weatherman being kicked out of Garrett Seminary and several churches in the Chicago area. Churches have long been a source of naive support for radical causes, support which is given as long as it doesn't have to involve the church as an institution in the revolution. It's sort of like providing bail money but not money for organizing. When the pressure really comes the church backs down because it is dependent upon and supportive of capitalists. The shit came down at Garrett, and the pigs of Chicago and the pigs in the Seminary combined forces to get rid of Weatherman. The arrests came largely because Weatherman had no real support from the churches or for that matter from anybody.

Now that a good half of Weatherman is in jail or facing heavy charges, the temptation will be to say "I told you so," or "Serves you right." They are still part of the movement and what the pigs get away with doing to them they will at some future date get away with in dealing with us. We must organize for our own protection, organize to protect our revolutionary brothers in Chicago, and organize to destroy capitalism, before it does to us what it did to the communists in the thirties and forties and to the anarchists in the twenties.

My life is a crystal teardrop.
There are snowflakes falling in the
teardrop and little figures trudging
in slow motion. If I were to look
into the teardrop for the next million years, I might never figure
out who the people are, and
what they are doing.

Sometimes I get lonesome
for a storm. A full-blown storm
where everything changes. The
sky goes through four days in an
hour, the trees wail, little animals skitter in the mud and everything gets dark and goes completely wild. But it's really God-
playing music in his favorite
cathedral in heaven- shattering
stained glass- playing a gigantic
organ--thundering on the keys--
perfect harmony-- perfect joy....

one with a fellow who introduced me to the Tao Tek King. It's one of the best oriental philosophies I've read. It's about man's relationship to the earth as a part of nature, something I've been giving much thought. Onward. Got to Cheyenne at dusk and went out for dinner with two hitchhikers on their way to LA. At dinner we met a guy who was driving to SF the next day and said he would pick us up at the railroad station the next morning. After almost getting arrested for vagrancy, we got a hotel room for the night. The fellow never showed in the morning. That was a depressing experience. We split up to get better rides.

After one ride for about 50 miles, I got a ride straight thru to California. It took us two days. He dropped me off at night about 100 miles from SF because he was stopping for a few days. The next morning I got a ticket. California was the only place I hitched where the laws were rigidly enforced. It's legal to hitch on the entrances but not on the freeway. I took a bus the rest of the way.

San Francisco was nice but I decided to get to Portland before it got cold. I came up on route 101 which goes both along the coast and thru the woods, the Redwoods. I met a fellow who was on the way to Seattle with his dog. The second night we had a frightening experience. We walked off into the hills to find a place to camp out. There was a full moon and just enough light was coming through the trees to make the woods full of dark shapes and shadows. We found a clearing and began to lay out our sleeping bags. Greg was lighting a match for a fire when we heard heavy footsteps. We looked up, and they stopped. It had come from a southeasterly direction. The dog, Peylo, just a

Coitus Interruptus ?

Sandy Sidar

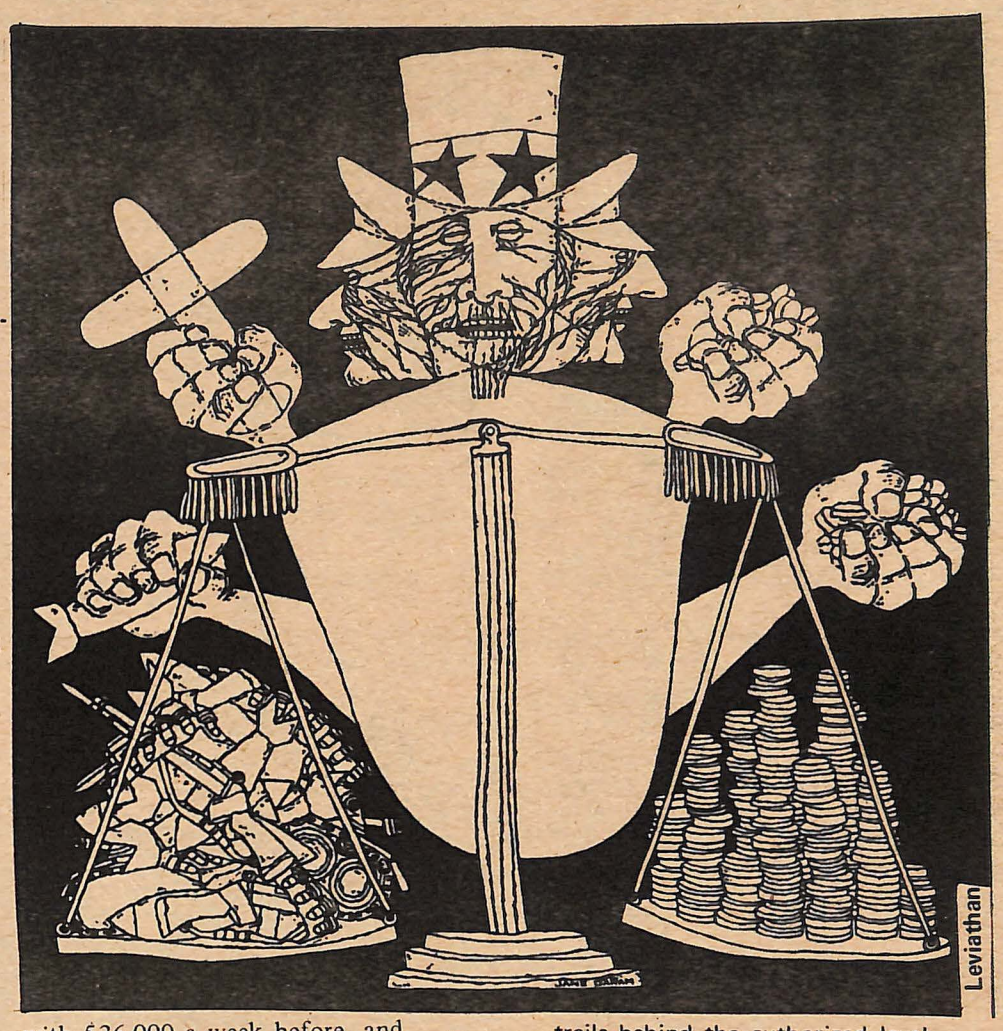
It is the eve of the greatest and most widely supported series of demonstrations this country has ever seen. The President of the United States is energetically running in six different directions at once, and talking out of all nine corners of his mouth. It is reported that he is also propagating noises from other orifices, in an attempt to explain away something that has never really existed—his position on the Vietnam War.

On the one hand, Nixon has ordered 60,000 troops "withdrawn" from Viet Nam. He has ordered the draft suspended, and fired (so the papers put it,) General Hershey.

On the other hand, he has made statements that would have done credit to Lyndon Johnson in 1966-67. And many contend that his gestures regarding troops and the draft are meaningless hoaxes designed to buy time for the Pentagon to carry out its long-standing policy of Pulverization—decidedly superior, in the minds of generals, than the inevitably ineffective "Vietnamization" so widely advertised.

Where does the truth lie? What is the real significance of Nixon's policy, such as it isn't? What is the real story on troop withdrawals? Answers to questions like these are barely being guessed at nowadays, as people stare in wonder at Tricky Dick's whirling dervish of proclamations and statistics, and try in vain to find whatever solid, tangible changes lie behind them. Still, there are signs.

The most immediate question that comes to mind is this: are there *really*, behind the fogs and mists of statistics, live bodies being removed from Vietnam? Well might one ask. At the time of the initial "troop withdrawal" announcement, it was widely reported that although 25,000 men were supposed to leave Vietnam over a 90 day period (virtually all of whom had finished their tours of duty anyhow), amid fanfare and celebration, 1,500 men *PER DAY* were quietly being forwarded to Southeast Asia from the West Coast, courtesy of Uncle Sam. This bullshit led Senators Fulbright and Gore to inquire of their colleague Senator Stennis, early in August, just how there happened to have been a rise in the number of US troops in Vietnam since June. On August 2, the *New York Times* reports, there were 537,000 men in Vietnam, as compared with 536,000 a week before, and 532,000 on January 18 of the same year. Senator Stennis, admitting that he did not fully understand the paradoxical mathematics of such a "troop withdrawal," promised to ask around at the Pentagon. He was told, finally, that the troop totals would "start to drop" in early August, which it already was.



As it finally turned out, the reductions advertised by the administration were not in the actual number of bodies in Vietnam, but in the "Authorized Troop Ceilings" for Vietnam, which stood at 549,500. In the *Times* of August 18, an attempt to clarify the situation was made:

> "Mr. Laird once again went through the somewhat confusing arithmetic of Vietnam reductions. The authorized 'ceiling' was 549,500 when the Nixon Administration took office. This ceiling was reduced by 25,000, to 524,500, effective Aug. 31 and is being cut again, by 40,500, to 484,000 by Dec. 15."

The *Times* went on to say that

> "...since actual troop strength usually trails behind the authorized level, the newest troop cut is expected to involve only about 35,000 men."

It seems doubtful, however, whether even this many troops will be involved... although probably no one knows what is really going on. At any rate, by claiming in June that 25,000 men were to be "withdrawn,' then raising the totals throughout the summer only to drop them toward the new "authorized ceiling" at the end of August, the Pentagon probably got to use *more* troops than they would have if the level had remained constant.

The *Times* gives conflicting figures in different reports as to what the level of troops will be on Dec. 15. They range from 467,000 to 484,000, and vary according to whether one subtracts 40,500 (the September "reduction" announcement) or 35,000 from the number of troops authorized for September or the number actually there.

Undoubtedly, were one to follow up the various stories of Pentagon troop-and-number-juggling, from sending home people who were due to go home anyhow to creating fictitious units to "pull out," a lot of petty screwing around would come out. But there are more significant things to wonder about, and one could spend a lifetime puncturing the statistical fictions of the Pentagon's bureaucrats. What do these "troop withdrawals" really mean?

First of all, we must remember Nixon's conditions for troop withdrawals. They are well known: progress in the Paris talks, the level of enemy activity, and the ARVN's capacity to win the war without us. So far, although there have been some signs of flexibility on the part of the NLF and although enemy activity has in fact been relatively low, these factors have been discounted, and the administration is trying to sell us the ARVN. If we really believe in Saigon's army, however, we could have afforded to withdraw at least 100,000 men by this time..... because it is admitted by Pentagon officials that there were as many as 50,000 US soldiers in Vietnam who could be sacrificed *without effecting combat efficiency at all* if manpower were better used. Further, as the *Times* pointed out on Sept. 19,

> "Although the combat troops being withdrawn appeared to be in critical areas and was being portrayed here as a sign of growing confidence in the Saigon regime's forces, the reductions apparently were designed to postpone a clear test of the South Vietnamese Army's prowess on the battlefield."

Some of the troops were withdrawn from areas in which fighting is almost nonexistent now—in unpopulated areas of the north—and others were replaced in slightly more vital areas by South Vietnam's only good division, the First... which is not indicative of the quality of Saigon's forces overall.

Keeping the ARVN out of the fighting is probably a wise thing. Until very recently, the ARVN has been supplied with miserable weapons—World War II *rifles— and hand-me-down American transport equipment. US forces have* not seen fit to supply Saigon with heavy artillery or planes. Perhaps this has been good policy, considering that the desertion rate of the ARVN would place most of the ARVN's worthwhile small arms in the hands of the NLF... and the big stuff would be likely to find its way to the same destination via the black market. Further, the ARVN soldiers are in for the duration; they are miserably paid (less than Saigon garbage men), and stand virtually no chance for advancement, as they are neither rich enough to afford bribes nor politically strong enough to warrant favors. Of course,

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Then they'll raise their hands
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow
your days are numbered
And like Pharoah's triumph
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath they'll be conquered

d y l a n: when the people come

It is incredible that you are alive and read this
which it took in quintillions of places. You are a product of countless generations of humans, each of whom had to survive a sufficient period to make the unique being that is you possible. And your sperm swam through billions of competitors to unite with the specific egg which it did.
The odds against your existence are impossible: one minus infinity to the infinite over infinity to the infinite. The statement that non-violent revolution is impossible is meaningless. Logic has no way to express creation, for creation is the impossible. The seemingly possible, that a model which worked in the past will work now exactly as well, is in fact the real impossible, for being totally unimaginitive, fails to take into account
with mitulove footimrete ma

time. True dialectics begin with time, for the present negates itself in the past as the future negates itself in the present. And a thing is defined by its negative, for the time taken in the process of its definition and its interaction with the definer negatives what it was before. The desire to live for the present is therefore the desire to live for constant change which is also to live for the
FOREVER.

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two-month-old puppy, shivered and growled. Then it began coming closer, and I could make out the shape of a large animal walking on four legs. I was sure it was a bear. We all sat there scared and it kept coming. It got three feet away and stopped. It was a cow. There also turned out to be a barbed wire fence between it and us. But we went over to it. It licked our hands, turned around, and went away.

Portland is good. I've been resting and talking and reading and writing and listening and drawing. There are five people who live in the house and another besides me who is staying for awhile. I've done more reading than I expected to be able to do while I'm traveling. Jeff and Betsy are both into anthropology and introduced me to a book which I just finished called "The Teachings of Don Juan—A Yaqui Way of Knowledge." It's by a graduate student from U Cal named Carlos Castaneda, who for four years was an apprentice to a Yaqui sorcerer or "man of knowledge" from Mexico. It's a very good book on many levels, too many for me to describe. All of you should read it.

I'm both different and the same as I was when I left home. I feel like I am just beginning to live my own life. It's a good feeling and pervades everything I do and feel, whether good or bad. Thru that feeling, I gather strength to change myself, to teach myself, and to learn from and give to others.

Love, Carl Dimow

P. S.: There's a book which was shown to me which I just glanced thru but it looked interesting. It's "Technicians of the Sacred," edited by Jerome Rothenberg. It's a collection of poetry, tales, chants, and sacred rites from around the world. If you get a chance, try to look into both it and Don Juan. ☮

standing behind all this, at the root of it, is the nature of the regime for which they are fighting—a corrupt system of bureaucrats presided over by a clique of military men who jail their election opponents, protect the "rights" of the privileged classes—landowners especially—and block meaningful reforms... a regime that is truly heir to the legacy of French colonialism from which it sprung.

The US military has a vested interest in the war. They have no reason to want to trust the ARVN. They have an investment in Vietnam, of men, equipment, and prestige. They are going to block change, and do it any way they can. At present, it is in their interest to make the ARVN look good; so that is what their statistics do. Junior officers all over Vietnam, advisers to the ARVN, are all sending back reports, each one fudged only slightly, of the ARVN's progress. The

results come out in a series of charts and graphs, professionally clear and precise, in which the generals can take pride.

So the ARVN is no good; so they cannot take over the fighting from the US, at least not effectively. That puts Nixon in a tough position... now. In a few months, maybe a year, it may put war critics in a tough position. Here's how:

Suppose the US pulls out 250,000 troops by the end of next year. As we go, we *have* to put increasingly sophisticated weapons and supplies in the hands of the ARVN. (Thieu has asked for nuclear weapons. Will we give them to him?) It is well known that the Saigon government is not popular; that the NLF moves through the population like the proverbial fish through water. As the US goes, the Saigon government erodes. The ARVN gets backed into a corner. Being unable to fight the NLF on its own terms, the ARVN unleashes its American-donated firepower. Once more we have what we had in 1966 and 1967: civil-~~ial-to~~-military death ratios of 8- or 10-to-one. The population revolts. The Americans left in the country are directly endangered; the Saigon government is about to fall, or perhaps does fall. What do we do?

If we remain true to our knowledge of the situation, we let the Saigon government fall, negociate a cease-fire, evacuate the crooks that run the Saigon regime (after all, we created them), and leave the country to the people. We know that the only man who could have, and almost certainly would have, held the bloodshed to a minimum—Ho Chi Minh—has died waiting for us to get out. We have to take the responsibility for whatever happens, but we can do nothing about it. The people of Vietnam, in all probability, come under the rule of a reasonably liberal communist regime, eager to avoid dependence on China but understandably bitter at the West after years of warfare. After a decade or so, perhaps things thaw out...

But is the American resolve that strong? I doubt it. I think most of the opposition to the war nowadays is composed of people who think the war is unnecessary now because it has already been won. I doubt whether most opponents of the war today—the casual reader of the news who doesn't like the war because Kennedy says it's bad or because his son will have to go—would really admit, despite the McCarthys and the Fulbrights and Mansfields, that perhaps communism is a better alternative for Vietnam than capitalism because the real leaders of Vietnam happen to be communists. I'm afraid that, faced with the real prospect of American defeat, the real whittling away of the American empire (and therefore the image of America that does so much for his ego), the "average American" will lash out with bombs and rockets and wipe the dirty Reds from the face of the earth.

But there is no real indication that things are going to go that far. The process just described could, at any time, subtly influence US policy. It is clear that Nixon is trapped by the Thieu-Ky government: he is unwilling to take the advice of congressmen who urge him not to commit himself to any particular government in Saigon. This alone is making the Vietnam war "Nixon's war." And it is not difficult to see why, or to realize the predicament that Nixon is in: for if he refuses to supply the ARVN with modern weapons that they must turn on thier own civilians, if he refuses to support the government that holds them hostage, then he abandons all the people who have been drafted into the ARVN or dragged into the tender mercies of the NLF and the DRVN. It's a tough problem.

Nixon is drifting with the tides. It is clear that he wants to get out of Vietnam; but it is also clear that he wants to get out because if he doesn't he won't be President any more. If it begins to look as if he can be President some more by staying in—or as if there is more potential political power for a President who unites the people under the banner of patriotism after the anti-war forces have had their say—then there is no doubt that he will stay in. Yes, things look good for the anti-war people now. We have support from congressmen, clergymen, businessmen, students, mothers... but we should remind ourselves of the relative powerlessness of congress to stop the war. And the pentagon at the moment is richer than any of us. We should remind ourselves that even at the present pace of withdrawals, it will be several years before our combat troops return from Vietnam, and (as Saigon says), "years and years" after that before our artillery, air and logistical support can be dispensed with. We are still tied to the fortunes of the Saigon government. Shortly we will be tied to the fortunes of the ARVN. We should not forget that many of the marines withdrawn from Vietnam were moved only as far as Okinawa. They are "ready for any emergency." The basic principles of the war have not changed. We are not ready to let the politics of Southeast Asia find their own natural level. We are not ready to stop exporting our form of government and our businesses and our defense. We are not prepared to give up our insane crusade against any color of Communism. All we are prepared to do is to take out "all but 484,000" of our troops from Southeast Asia, and to hope that they will be enough.

Shakedown/LNS

--yet
the old Valkyrie was
into the thing. The world
not a line of cause and
effect heading forever
forward, but finite and
ever-repeating, so that
all there ever was
and ever will be
is caught up in
now, in end-
less Recur-
rence, only
waiting for
the Super-
heroes to re-
surface; after
which, a total reval-
uation. And combining
Nietzsche's inspiration with
his own at-present best-- of man
forever watching his own movie
and never being able to get to the
paradise beyond the screen;
as Nietzsche glimmered,
life is a circle and so it
is the going, not the
getting there,
that counts.
Live in
the mo-
ment.
Lots of
good heads
said it. I tried.
I devoted much
time and much en-
ergy. To find that
those good heads had
been tricked-- that simple
trick of I was right about
living in the moment but
we can never get in the
moment! Orgggggg!

T
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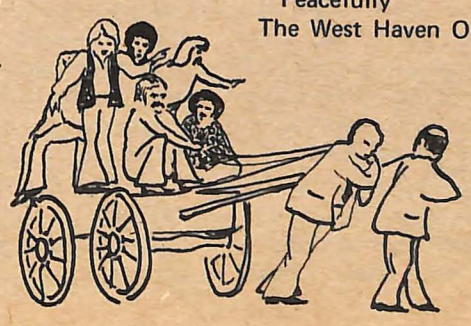
The *Electric* Kool-aid A C I D t e s t

People of VFB

The West Haven Board of Education has shown its true color: Reactionary Red. They want blood, student's blood. Student's must break some heads and laws before the Board will listen. Students must show how violently they want the archaic dress co changed. Peaceful negotiations don't get in the papers or the 6 o'clock news.

Power to the people, especially people on the Board. They are the Vanguard of the Revolution.

Peacefully
The West Haven One



Brothers

Make two, three, many Rufuses. That bad ass radical reptile is the people's choice. We're opening a Rhode Island Friends of Rufus. Yippie!!! Warmest greetings to all VFB folk and kin folk.

The Extra People
Providence

The above is a western union telegram we received. However, that noble capitalist corporation refused to spell out ass.

For a while we were very confused about about what the fuck a bad a-- reptile is.

Goodwill Deadend – A Way Out?

Allie

Have you ever bought anything at **Goodwill**? If so, you might well think about this article before you do again. Ernest L. Johnson thought a lot about **Goodwill**. Six months ago he quit and formed **Helping Hands** to try to correct what he thought **Goodwill** was doing wrong.

Goodwill was founded with the idea of benefitting the handicapped by employing them in the restoration of second-hand furniture and other articles, which were later sold to the public. In 1968 **Goodwill** claimed that their business could no longer make a go of it. What they meant by this was simply that although they had found a way to make poverty pay, others had found a way to make it pay much better and following their lead they sent a representative to Washington to seek out **federal funds**. It seems that because of their "good will," they did receive a grant, and at the same time merged with the **Rehabilitation Center** which also (coincidentally) received a federal grant. Both the merger and the grants were designed to improve the general business operation and the working conditions of the handicapped. Yet after the merger the handicapped workers no longer received vacation with pay, sick leave, or paid holidays. The money from the grants, it seems, went to pay for new executive positions created by the merger.

The question, put simply, is whether **Goodwill** helps the handicapped or exploits them. **Goodwill** employs about 100 handicapped workers in New Haven. Six years ago the average wage was sixty cents ($.60) an hour; today it is $.96/hour, or, given a 40 hour week, some $2000 a year. The supervisor, who is not handicapped, makes upwards of $8000. The pay scale varies according to the ability of each worker to produce. What kind of sense does this make? Remember the handicapped are "those at a disadvantage in economic competition because of physical or mental defects." Before the merger one man was being paid $100. a week to polish and repair all the furniture for the main store and the branch stores. He is now being paid $105. With the merger a number of new supervisory positions came into being, and these people were paid substantially more than the people who had been doing their jobs.

Goodwill on State Street: "Sheltered Workshops?" Peter Moncure

Goodwill provides us with endless examples of waste and inefficiency and what emerges is the picture of an organization which has succumbed to its own structure, an organization suffering from institutional insulation and corruption, and an organization which places more emphasis on its own preservation than on achieving its proclaimed goals. For example, the supervisor for the electronics department was supposed to teach the handicapped how to repair electrical appliances. What he actually did was teach a course in polishing, for if the appliance worked it was polished; if it didn't, it was thrown out. A driver and a helper are sent out to pick up clothes from the **Goodwill** bins. Often the clothes are taken right to the dump because they had gotten wet and started to mildew because the bins are not visited regularly. If they aren't already ruined, they are taken back to **Goodwill** where they are bailed and sold for $.03/pound. They are not sorted because a supervisor doesn't want to get the place dirty. When one considers the cost of the truck and bailing *and* the wages of the driver and his helper **Goodwill** actually loses money.

Goodwill also has a training program, which is supposed to last three months but extends as long as possible because **Goodwill** receives $1.60/hour for each worker from the Development Vocational Rehabilitation Center, while it pays the worker $.97/hour...

Besides blatant inefficiency and clear-cut economic exploitation, the bureaucratic nature of **Goodwill** dehumanizes its workers and deprives them of a meaningful existence. One worker confessed that he often that he often left work crying because his supervisors continually degraded him and failed to treat him like a human being. More striking is the case of Nancey Bokowski: while working at **Goodwill**, she was seeing her doctor several times a week and was dependent on pills. She had three breakdowns. She quit her paid job at **Goodwill** to help found **Helping Hands**, where she works without pay. She no longer has to see the Doctor or take pills for she has found something meaningful she can do.

The working conditions at New Haven **Goodwill** are predictably similar across the country... Seattle **Goodwill**, located in the scenic heart of the factory district, pays no more, and for those "normal" workers it must hire (no people who are "handicapped" are allowed the dubious pleasure of ever seeing a public eye, but are kept under crowded conditions in separate locked rooms with separate entrances, etc., etc.), it pays minimum wage, and extracts all possible work out of them. One worker recently reported an estimated turnover of "normal" employees at as high as 60% per month.

In establishing **Helping Hands**, Ernest Johnson hopes to revitalize the objectives that **Goodwill** only feigns to seek. He doesn't believe in federal grants or welfare. He hopes to set up a self-sustaining operation, where the handicapped workers would receive the minimum wage. A recovered cancer victim himself, Ernest Johnson first became involved in this type of work in 1964 when he sought to supplement the income of people with cancer and heart trouble. He stopped when he found out that whatever he gave them the town deducted from their welfare checks, so that, instead of supplementing their income, he was supplementing the town's welfare program. He found **Helping Hands** because he likes this kind of work. In his words "it is something that gets into your blood."

Books scattered all over *Goodwill* store typify working conditions.

He
who
follows
the dia-
lectical pro-
cess to the end
discovers that the
paradox is the recep-
tacle of the hidden tru-
th and that the absurdity
is rather a quality possessed
by the correct schema of com-
mon sense, which cleansed of th-
eir dross, contains the latent truth.
For the dialectic shows latent in com-
mon sense the dangerous implication th-
at the form in which the world is given
and organized may contradict is true
content, that is to say, that the
potentialities inherent in men
and things require dissolut-
ion of the given forms.
Formal logic accepts
the world-form as
it is and gives
some general
rules for
theoret-
ical o-
rient
ati
on
to
it.
Dia-
lectical
logic, on
the other ha-
nd, rejects any
claim of sanctity
for the given, and
shatters the complacen-
cy of those living under
its rubric. Marcuse, Reason
and REVOLUTION

Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds
and think they're dreamin'
But they'll pinch themselves and
squeal
And know that it's for real
The hour when the ship comes in.

Dear Daily Hardon,

I guess I fit into your category of 'older freaks'. It's a long story in objective time so I won't rap it you on paper -- could hack it in person though -- or I'd get writer's cramp and this would fast become illegible.

I've got no idea who you are but Mr. "Sitar" I do and he's an 'old but unblue Blue' and he wasn't in Morse either, which is where I'm at in the academic space-time continuum for the time-Being co-incidentally myself. As far as you knowing me, I ride around town on a black bicycle. with a boyscout pack on my back which says among other things "IT'S A DAZZY" in green magic marker, or may be found trucking on down the Hungry's -- Dirty-Al's -- ex-Xcampus -- Exit Strip. But I digress...

I play folk/blues guit-ar and write a lot of my own stuff but have trouble remembering the words so I've been getting better on the playing side of it and could dig playing for people I know wouldn't mind if the breaks drag on into improvs while I remember the next verse. Also I've got a large record collection -- I buy wax like it was candy which tends to upset my old lady Susan -- and in our humbly extravagent apartment there is a wall of stereo and always room for a freak (if you insist on using that word) or three to DROP I N and/or check out if worried about what shape his CONDITION is in, mess around with their axes -- accoustic or electric, or dig the tune-box not too loud (landlords and leases y'know), or even just rap with Suz who's a registered nurtz.

So as a poet, an 'old freak', and an ex-Cub Scout (I never made it to boy scouts -- had the hots for my den mother and was forced to drop out before getting my Lion patch -- was I pissed! I could really shoot a hell of a bow and arrow and never even got the little iron-on-sew-on arrow head). I leave you sincerely in

Rufus Boycotts Moratorium

Rufus Asks Swamp, Maps Subtile Campaign For Ethnic Bloc Votes

PTA (Protestors, Troublemakers and Anarchists) mayoralty candidate Rufus demanded Thursday that the New Haven Green be turned into a People's Swamp.

The charismatic alligator, who says he's running for office because he was bored and couldn't think of anything else to do, called for the removal of pollutants from the city's air and their funnelling into the stagnant swamp waters.

The proposal drew immediate fire from United Illiminating, Olin Mathieson, and Yale University, the city's three biggest polluters.

"Any proposal that comes from a left wing alligator is obviously disreputable," said an Olin spokesman. "Our own engineers are working on the problem, and should have a bigger and better solution within three years."

The spokesman declined to say what the solution was, but indicated that company officials favor turning the entire city into a swamp so they can have new problems to solve.

Another critic of the people's swamp proposal was outgoing mayor Richard C. Lee, who termed the idea "obscene."

"It may not appeal to the prurient interests of the average man, but it certainly appeals to mine," said the crusty chief executive.

Rufus's proposal also drew fire from an official of the Knights of Columbus, who said he didn't like the idea but couldn't remember why.

In other campaign action, Rufus's manager Rave Ripitoff announced plans for a swing through New Haven's ethnic wards in an attempt to buy as many votes as Rufus's campaign coffers can afford.

Since that amounts to no more than half a dozen, Ripitoff said Rufus might be forced to use other almost-as-traditional methods to win the electorate over to the PTA platform.

Ripitoff acknowledged Rufus starts at a handicap because alligators constitute one of New Haven's less significant ethnic blocs, and are not organized. But Rufus may pick up some support because his father was an Irish-Jewish alligator, Ripitoff commented.

In an effort to pick up the votes of another major ethnic group, Rufus told a group of bystanders at the Columbus Day Parade that he believed America was discovered by an Italian seagull, the Vinland map notwithstanding. Rufus is regarded as having the Norwegian vote sewn up, since his wife is a Norse alligator.

In other areas of the city, Rufus has been reported prowling in a watermelon patch on Dixwell Avenue and Ripitoff said he will issue a strong statement shortly protesting mistreatment of Jewish alligators in Arab countries.

Ripitoff noted that Rufus is the only candidate who cannot be accused of being a white racist, but also will not suffer from the white backlash since he isn't black.

Ripitoff said Rufus has a significant chance of cutting into the Yale-Wasp vote. "He may not be an aristocrat of a Yale ass-licker, but at least he's not a proletarian like some of the candidates," said Ripitoff. Asked what class Rufus belongs to he replied, "He's a reptile."

"Remember," said Ripitoff, "To vote for Rufus, you just pull the top lever, or any other lever, until it breaks."

Conspicuous by his absence from the Vietnam Moratorium demonstration on the Green yesterday was PTA (Protesters, Troublemakers and Anarchists) mayor candidate Rufus.

Rufus became the only politician in the country not to endorse the Moratorium after Lyndon Johnson announced his support for it earlier this week.

Speculation was that Rufus had been denied a place on the platform next to the local dignitaries because of his radical views. "I don't know why that cat -- I mean reptile -- has to keep bringing up things like imperialism and the military industrial complex," said an Olin Mathieson official who supported the moratorium. "It's obvious that the war is just an isolated incident."

Rufus was unavailable for comment, as he is on a goodwill tour of the Everglades trying to woo industry to New Haven.

Participatory politics, Liberal style

Rufus wasn't really trying to get a place on the speakers' platform on the Green at the Vietnam Moratorium rally Wednesday, but at least one group was and didn't make it.

The Committee for a Fall Offensive Against the War in Vietnam was turned down on the grounds that the program was already jammed, according to Moratorium spokesman Steve Cohen. But Cohen admitted that one other speaker, Joe Harris of the Black Coalition, was subsequently added to the speakers list.

It was also felt that the "radical point of view" would be adequately represented by Yale Professor Robert Jay Lifton and Chaplain William Sloane Coffin, said Cohen.

The Moratorium also declined to use literature prepared by the Resistance linking the war with corporate capitalism. A Resistance spokesman said the Moratorium had previously agreed to use the material, but "They were so concerned about getting people like Lee and Grasso that they didn't want the slightest hint that there might be a radical involved."

Cohen described the Moratorium's goal as "to make this as moderate as possible, and be as cautious as possible. We're organizing around one issue and one issue only."

But he described attempts to blame the war on capitalism as "simplistic."

He added, "If some group would come to us and say, we're for immediate withdrawl and flouridation of water, we wouldn't go for that either."

Rufus declined comment on the situation, but said it reminded him of a story about an ASPCA member who carried an alligator handbag....

Liberalstein Offers Help?

The New Haven political scene was overwhelmed at the announcement last night that Congressman Fallacy Liberalstein (DEM, N.Y.) will personally conduct a door to door canvass of the voters of New Haven in behalf of Rufus. The surprise announcement was made at a joint press conference last night by Liberalstein and Rave Ripitoff campaign manager for the PTA (Protesters, Anarchists and Troublemakers Party). The eversmiling Ripitoff introduced Liberalstein to a cheering throng of six Rufus supporters and the members of the press the man "who has made the most noise about getting nothing done in Congress."

Liberalstein then stepped forward and made the stunning announcement that he would personally visit every home in New Haven to gather votes for the radical reptile. In response to a question as to why he was undertaking such a phenomanal task on behalf of such a dark horse candidate, Liberalstein replied "This is an important moment in the history of *New Haven and the world. The people of New Haven were duped into canvassing for me, and I have been duped into canvassing for Rufus.* It is for the good of the people. Anyhow, do you know another way I can get such good publicity?"

In another surprise development, Rufus refused to support yesterday's Moratorium against the war. In a statement issued late Tuesday night, Rufus stated "Those supporting the Moratorium include such notorious peaceniks as Kingfish Boob, Tricky Dee and Artful Barbelli. Does that sound like the bunch of guys you would want to be aligned with? I think I'll just keep supporting those who are against the war."

BREAD AND ROSES
Coffeehouse OPEN 538 State St.

I am a child,
I
last
a while You can't conceive of the pleasure
of my
smile...

Buffaloe Springfield

The condition of alienation, of being asleep, of being out of one's mind, is the condition of the normal man. Society highly values its normal man. *It educates children to lose themselves...(to adapt to this world the child abdicates its ecstasy)..... and to become absurd and thus to* BE NORMAL... Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow men in the last fifty years... We are not able even to think adequately about the behaviour that is at the annihilating edge.....

But what we think is less than what we know; what we know is less than what we love; what we love is so much less than what there is. And to that extent we are so much less than what we are...

The politics of EXPERIENCE

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a
touchin'
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is
watchin'

iiii

Love and Peaces,
W. Madd Wyllie

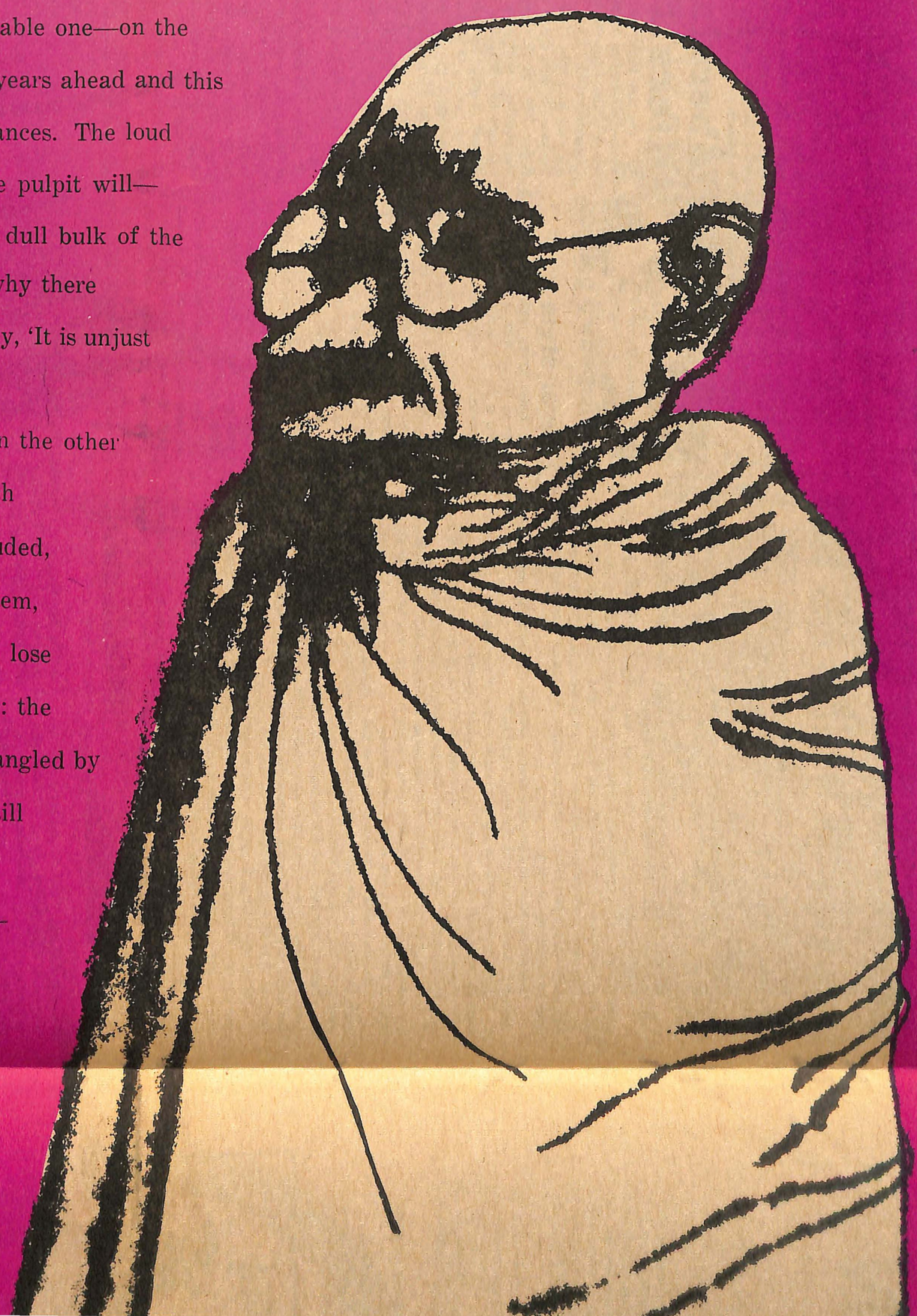
P. S.: People, and even you my alimentary dead Hardon, can call me up at My Boys Have Guns With Bullets Charlie which is an acronymicized translation of the digits ("The number to call in Fuzzy Hill..." echhcetera gives me ad nauseum), a form of insidious creeping crud against which my memory cells have already many times received their immunization INjection-DEfection passport... On the hand, I have five fingers... but always remember anyway that in the words of that great Italian statesman J. Gari-BALLdi Morrissoni, They've got the guns but we've got the numbers... So just truck on over to the pinkish-orange door at Davenport and Ward.

Hi there

You know I'm only 14 (oh come on – keep reading) and a few weeks ago someone handed me a newspaper (gasp!). It said it was New Haven's only underground newspaper so I read four-five issue now and I want to know something.... You guys keep saying that we're being oppressed and the society/establishment is making all the money while they sit on their fat asses and we should stand stand up and fight and have a revolution

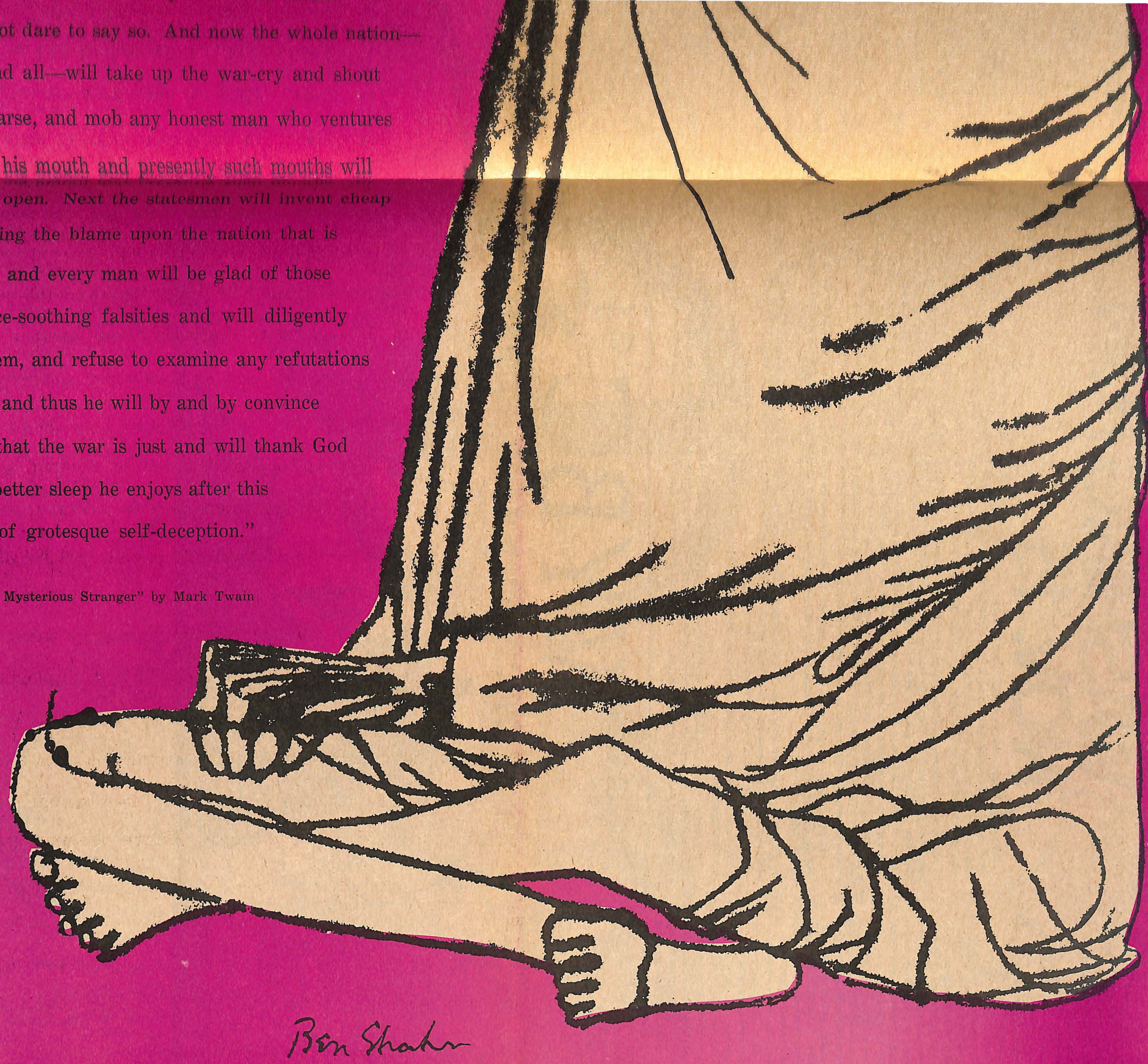
"There never has been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it.'

Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded, but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities and will diligently



but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them, and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

from "The Mysterious Stranger" by Mark Twain



Free School

Over a year ago the idea sprung from a group eating lunch in George and Harry's. A few of them were Yalies, but they had made the (what was then) quite startling discovery that other parts of the community were also fed up with their own schools. Even if they had not yet dropped out, they were looking into other ways to share, grow and learn. The Free School was born as a center for new ideas, a place where people got together to do something different, where people could meet with others who were questioning and not content with the answers they were given by others. The Free School was wherever people did something that they had not been told, wherever people learned without being taught, wherever people experimented rather than accepted.

Now, a year later, the Free School can be more properly called a center. It sponsors over fifty seminars, study groups, fun groups, gatherings, and gets people together. The new catalogue of courses has just come out, and they are offered to anyone who wishes to participate. They are run by coordinators, not teachers, which means that everyone in a class is expected to participate in the learning process, and to help the group define the direction of its progress. Most coordinators know something or have an interest in what the seminar is about, but they are not given the power to coerce the others along a fixed course.

The Free School is also a center. It has acquired an apartment, where some groups can meet, where the phone can be, where people can drop-in. It is at 512 State Street, on the second floor. It won't be hard to recognize it.

One of the reasons the center is there is to help people, or get people in touch with someone who can help. The phone to the Free School is a place where you can turn for help, for someone to rap to, for whatever reason, if something is bothering you.

There are other projects in the works at the Free Center. A group has plans for a counter-mall, with stores, markets and places where you can get the things you need, from people you like, without some storekeeper making a fat profit and probably not even having the thing you want. The Mall is a waste on this score, and there are many services and things that can be gathered, traded or exchanged by a community of people working together.

The Free School Center is a place where ideas can come alive, where a new culture can be formed, where people can come together and try to find new ways of living and working. Drop around, sign up for a course, or come in to help with whatever has to be done that day. The Center belongs to everyone. But it needs help and support.

ON TO WASHINGTON NOV. 15

We are witnessing a resurgence of anti-war activity on the campus and elsewhere. Immediate withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Vietnam has become the demand of the majority of Americans, and the government has refused to listen. We are angry at the lies and delays and diversions. Our demand will become so loud that no one will fail to hear it. *Everyone* who wants the U.S. out of Vietnam will be in **Washington** on **November 15.**

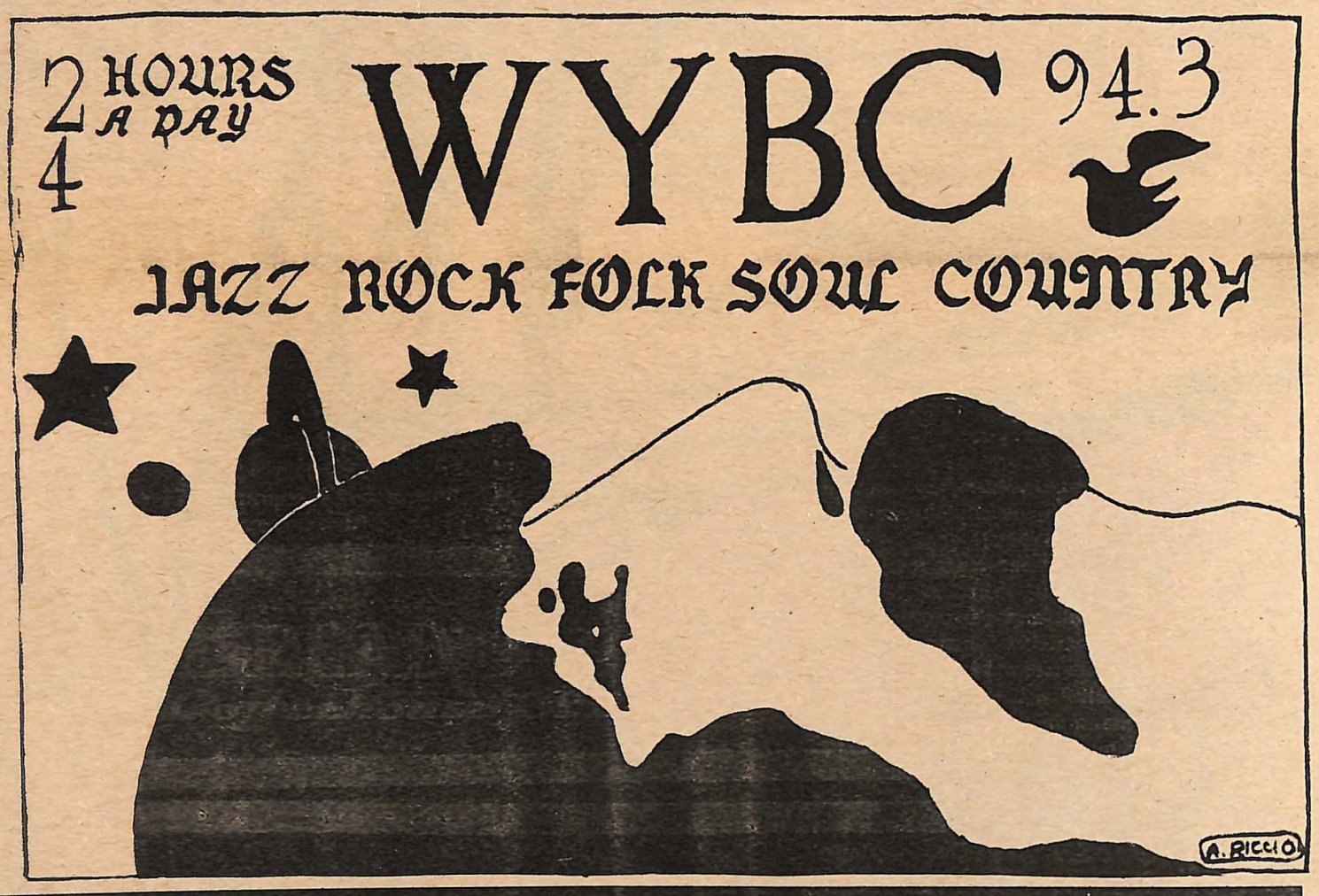
We let ourselves be bought off in the past; it must not happen again. The government claims to have lowered the draft calls. This claim is a fraud. The call for October was abnormally high so that they could be "cancelled" in November and December. Neither the three month total nor the yearly total is lower than last year's call. The government has pulled out troops. The pullout is a sop. Their number represents only a small proportion of our forces. What is worse, the slight withdrawal reflects the increased destructiveness of saturation bombing. (What aerial horror would enable all ground troops to be withdrawn?) The government asks for patience and hints at progress in Paris. This is a trick. Why should the Vietnamese stubbornly prevent us from leaving their country? We have heard it all before, and that is why we cannot stop until our demands are met. Our efforts must be sustained and redoubled. We must be in Washington on November 15.

The Washington march will be peaceful but insistent. It will be massive (over one million people will be there—by far the greatest number yet). It will be broad-based, but united on one unnegotiable demand; an immediate and unconditional end to U.S. presence in Vietnam.

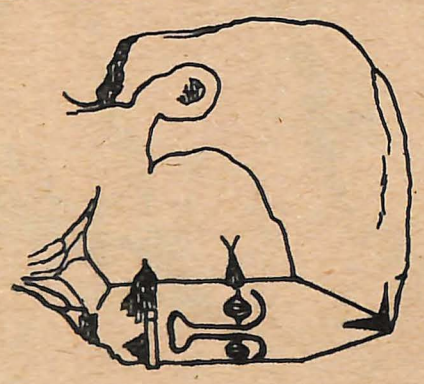
Transportation will be no problem. Call 787-0123 to make reservations. November 15 is on a Saturday. Washington will be beautiful that day, especially with all those people. Finally, there is a war on, and people are still dying. If you are against this war, you won't want to watch the march on T.V.

The Washington march is being planned nationally by the National Mobilization, and a very broad coalition, including dozens of groups.

Information on transportation and other details of the march are available at AIM, 148 Orange Street, New Haven, 787-0123. To give or get help on campus activities (or on any other aspect of the march), come to the Resistance Dinners, 6:00 p.m., Mondays in the Enormous Room, 211 Park Street, New Haven. Or call Steve at 432-0705 or Orin at 865-6801.



Once
again, the
individual grains
were carried out to sea.
As our heads and the water
whirred in syncopation, we gro-
ped a retracement back to
land, gazing back at
the setting sun,
the redamber
ripple
pink
sky below,
and the
orange
green
water on
the horizon.



A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the
shore line
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck
The hour when the ship comes in

and have a free country, etc.... I want to know – what about us? Us little folk folks – you know we're the future leaders after you've had it. For example, I'm in a study hall and instead of completing my English assignment I'm writing this letter and I'll get blasted or detention or something. Now if you freaks were running the system what would you do to me (about the English assignment).

Donna

In a free society there are no forced assignments and no study halls. If you want to do English homework, do it; if you want to write letters to underground newspapers, do that. Do what you want when you want. Nothing less is freedom.

After reading about "DOPE BLAMED BY LINKLETTER IN FATAL FALL" (Oct. 6 New Haven *Register*) I feel that I would like to express my opinion and bring up some facts that might be of some interest to readers. It was stated that Mr. Linkletter had fully blamed LSD as the fault of his daughter's death. "He had known for six months that she was part of a Hollywood group that experimented with drugs" and "that his daughter did have periods of deep depression and had some bad trips. She was either on top of a mountain or in a valley of despair." (Oct. 7 *Register*)

I feel that as soon as Mr. Linkletter had discovered his daughter was experimenting with the use of drugs, and had mentioned that she had several bad

dear general hershey bar

Q. I hear they cancelled the draft calls for November and December. What does this mean?
A. Nothing. This "cancellation" is the biggest fraud since those phony college tests of a few years ago to determine which quarter of the class everyone was in. Later, Selective Service admitted that they never had any intention to draft people out of college -- the whole idea was to scare people and stimulate enlistments. But this recent cancellation tops that one. What they did was to raise the call for October to an abnormally high number. Then they cancelled the next two months but drafted one-third of October's call each month. Thus one-third of October's call got their induction notices in October, one-third in November, and one-third in December. The total number for these three months is the same this year as it was last year, and the total number of guys drafted this year is the same as last year. Pretty clever, huh? Don't you wish you were as sneaky as General Hershey?

Q. I just dropped out of school. My draft board told me not to bother appealing my 1-A since my number won't come up for a while. What should I do?
A. Your draft board is lying to you. If you don't ask them for a personal appearance (not appeal) within 30 days of when you got the 1-A classification, you are s-c-r-e-w-e-d. And don't just drop down to you draft board; put it in writing, and get a receipt for it. Come on down the office at 532 State Street and we can talk about it. It may not seem worth the bother now, but some day when you are running around Boot Camp in fatigues or checking out the Canadian climate, you'll wish you had taken the trouble.

Get your questions answered by a genuine four star general! Write care of VFB–we expect that in the future the good general will have more time to answer questions...

105.9 FM

WHCN

STEREO ROCK

BRIEF POEM

Stephen Morris

ANOTHER
R·dee·R
entertain
ments
PRESENTATION

TENSION INC.

TO BOOK: 389-5131

quies-
cence two
feet deep and
sluggish, to the bar-
rier between. Ripples ex-
ploded into peaks and merged
with tides to form a spiral of cir-
cles leading to shore and back
again. We sat on the pier,
smoked, and watched
the stones roll end
over end aim-
lessly
out
of con-
trol out to
sea. The sea car-
ried the sand and silt on
the bottom steadily away from
shore; the sea was the great sto-
mach ingesting everything and
carrying it out: seaweed,
stones, shells, sand,
a human doll.
Now and
then
the
indivi-
dual grains
of sand would
stick together, and
form communities on the
bottom of the sea. Then the
sea no longer had the power to
carry them out. The comm-
unities grew into moun-
tains, and then af-
ter a while they
split apart...

trips, he should have realized the danger involved and should have responded with medical attention to prevent a possible tragedy. I feel that not taking the right action as soon as he found out that his daughter was unstable (and) experimenting with drugs this all could have been avoided. I am certain that the fault did not all lie in the drug itself, but more so in the people involved who knew that Diane was experimenting, including Mr. Linkletter. And because of this dramatized incident, all across the nation a serious drive will result against LSD while the most dangerous of all drugs is being hushed. Heroin users and pushers will thrive on this crackdown, and the absence of other drugs will cause most of the light drug experimenters to search for something easier to get. I, as well as a lot of other people, are concerned over the death of Diane Linkletter. An unfortunate incident that should never have happened, but is happening. We can't blame this on drugs alone. There are many people who are unstable who need medical help. It is most certain that before a person plunges into a new dimension, they must be able to handle themselves in reality, and if any drive against drugs becomes of this, start with the number one killer: HEROIN.

Joseph Mendyk

VFB feels that there are several aspects of Mr. Mendyk's letter worth commenting on, as it raises some difficult points:

1) LSD is dangerous.
2) All drugs are dangerous.
3) The regular press, and, more important,

MEDICUS AQUARIUS

Dear Doctor Aquarius,
How can I get an abortion in New Haven?

The legal grounds for getting an abortion are that continuing the pregnancy would be a danger to the mother or to the unborn child. From the point of view of emotional danger, two psychiatrists would have to see you and agree that having the baby would be too great a risk. Shrinks are likely to be especially concerned about women who appear depressed and are considering suicide (or who say that they might attempt suicide if the child were born). Psychiatrists in New Haven have generally been very concerned about and responsive to women who have emotional hangups. The grounds for getting an abortion illegally is the possession of three to five hundred dollars (or more) in ready cash. While there are many capable doctors who do illegal abortions here and elsewhere, there is always a small danger of very serious complications. When such serious complications occur in a hospital, it's much easier to take care of them. Because of this risk, and because of the good possibility of getting the abortion legally, I would strongly urge you to check out the legal possibilities first. The psychiatric clinic of the community hospital in New Haven would be one good low-cost starting point. You might be worried that working through establishment channels takes too long. While it used to be necessary to have the abortion during the first three months of pregnancy, it's now possible with new techniques to have an abortion as late as the sixth or seventh month.

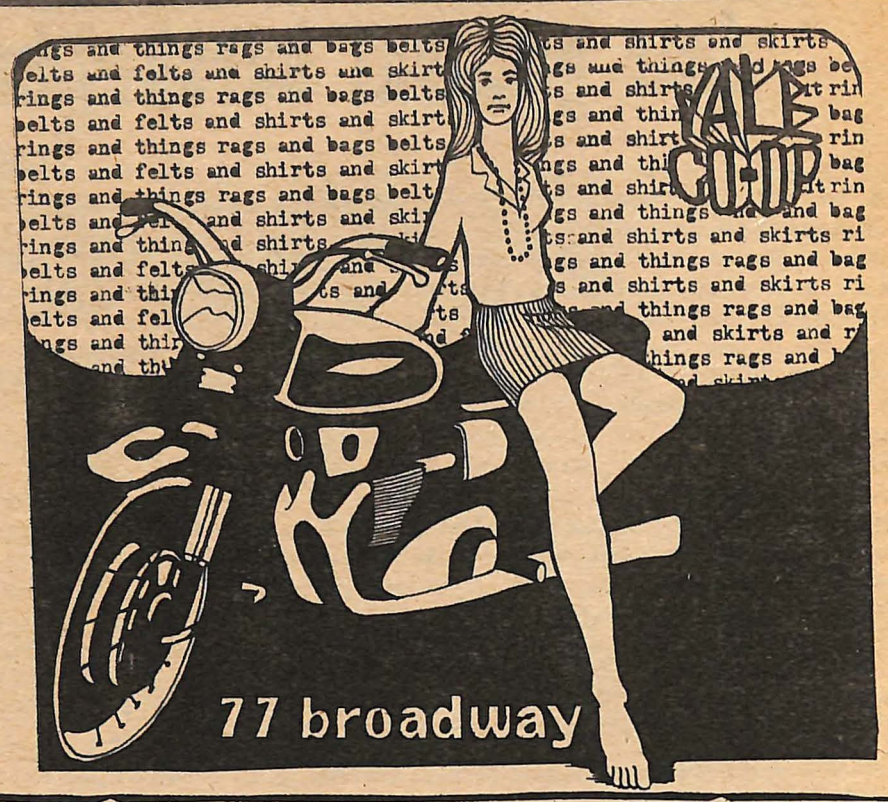
I was sitting in Hungry Charley's tonight with a chick who wasn't wearing a bra. I noticed that her left nipple was hard, but that her right nipple wasn't. How does this happen?

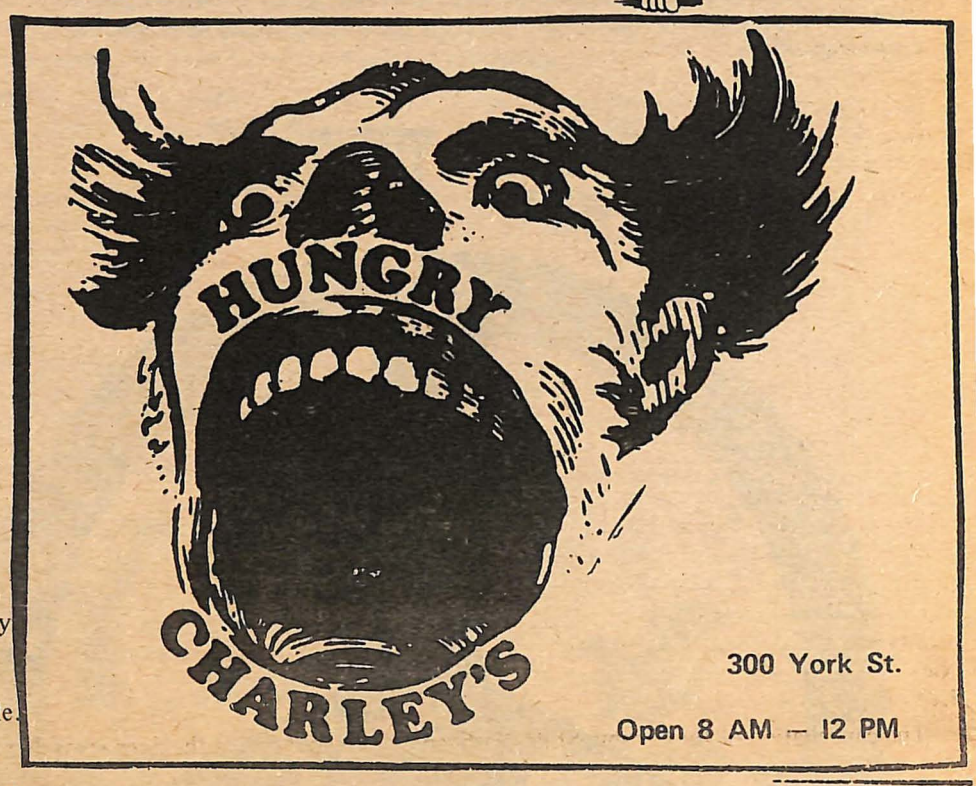
Normally, when a woman is sexually excited, both breasts and nipples become fuller and firmer as the blood vessels in the breast tissue enlarge. As careful research on your part will reveal, stimulating only one breast can cause only that breast to respond. (Similarly, stroking the inside of one of your own thighs should cause only one testicle to move upward.) How it happened in Hungry Charley's is another question. Since I doubt that she could have been firming up one side by meditation, I suspect that her clothing may have been rubbing her chest on that side. The answer to this question should in no way be considered an endorsement of Hungry Charley's. (But I suppose it will be.)

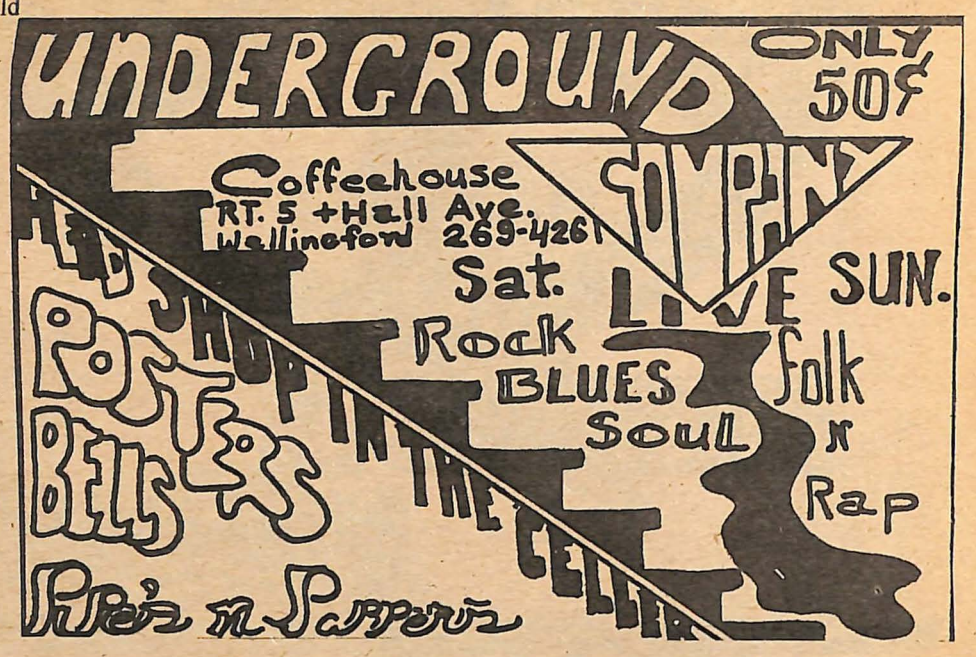
If I go to the hospital emergency room to get help coming down from a bad trip, will I get busted?

I checked this out with some of the shrinks who work in the community hospital emergency room. When you arrive there, you will be seen by the psychiatrist (assuming that you have no other medical problems that need immediate attention). He will generally talk with you, give you medications to help you come down, and let you stay until you feel more comfortable. If advisable, he may ask you to come back the next day to be rechecked. He will also be able to recommend places where you can go for help with emotional problems, if such is your wish. Assuming that your only problem is the bad trip, it's very unlikely that you would be hospitalized. Furthermore, you won't get busted by coming for help -- they don't call in the cops.

Doctor Aquarius is a ubiquitous New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions or comments on personal or medical problems. Write to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven.





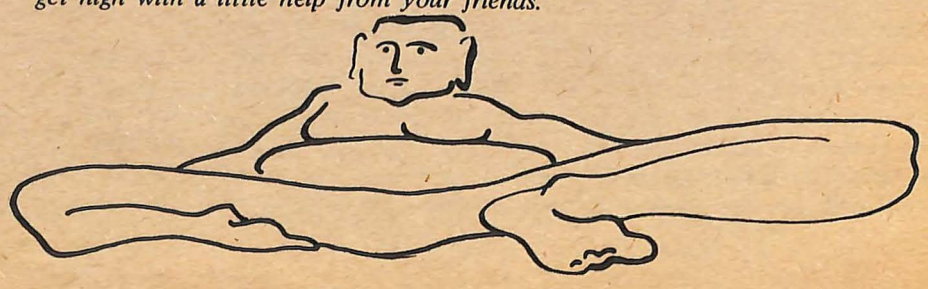


SANDWICHES
new york delicatessen
1207 Chapel Street 865-9281

And the words they use
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're
spoken
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

We stood on the beach facing
the sun casting its golden
swath through the
water, he
carry-
ing
a
joint,
me my slip-
pers as we swis-
hed our toes in the
sand and water. Before
us stretched a long, narrow
pier, below us our precarious
highway, two boards like railroad
tracks about six inches wide
separated by a foot-wide
depression unfolded
seemingly end-
lessly,
the
water
twofour
sixeight feet
below. Gingerly we
stepped out toward the end
of the pier, our heads lowered,
our eyes spinning from right
to left to right, from
turbulence six in-
ches deep and
whirling
to

the "law" enforcement officials, consistently and sometimes deliberately misunderstand the use and abuse of drugs, dangerous or otherwise. It is an old problem (prohibition, anyone?) and one which demonstrably cannot be solved by mere laws, or even education ("We'll teach 'em"). We know of people who have been hurt by LSD, and yet we know many people who have been equally or more ruined by alcohol. We submit that the problems involved are similar, and have little or nothing to do with the exact influence of any drug on the human organism, but rather are effects of a cause whose roots lie deep in the harshness of the society we have chosen to build around ourselves. The poignancy of the LSD experience strips away the fabrics of bullshit, the games, the defense mechanisms which comprise our cocoon, and leaves us with our essential feelings. Because we have been taught above all else to avoid these feelings, any confrontation must be at once awesome, ecstatic, and haunting. If you are considering taking LSD, you should ask yourself if your head can deal with the intensity of the experience, and remember above all to "get high with a little help from your friends."



balloon bursts

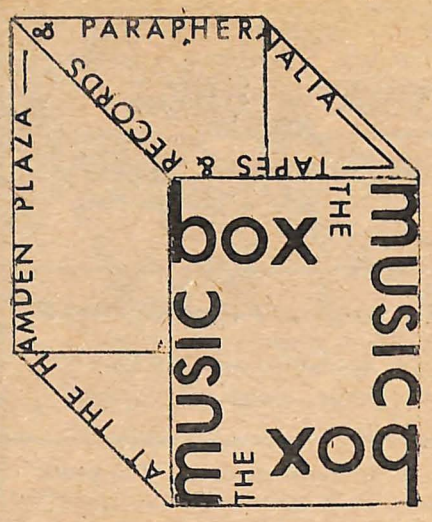
CLOSED. The Stone Balloon—Closed. Why? It didn't lose money, it had a goodly number of great acts, it was another place to go... Why?

To start with, the Balloon was an experiment. **Presidential Management** was interested in the possibility of a chain of Balloons, and New Haven, the "tryout town," was the guinea pig. They pumped in lots of money, and a lot of expert knowhow, not to mention performances by such greats as John Hammond, Rhinocerous, Joni Mitchell, John Fahey... this list could go on for quite a while.

It isn't easy setting up a coffee-house—there were many unexpected problems: the friendly police department, always eager to safeguard the interests of the people, said in a letter *before* the Balloon was even built (according to Fastback, the manager manager of the Balloon) "because the South Seas (a plastic restaurant next door) has a liquor permit, naturally all the young kids were going to go upstairs boozing and destroying and vandalizing cars and killing and maiming, burning and rioting, protesting and fucking in the streets, and going around nude and all kinds of bad hairy ugly things like that..." Needless to say, only one incident occurred the whole year, and although the police were called immediately (and claimed to know about it already), no one showed up.

But big business evidently decided that the rate of profit wasn't high enough, so the experiment's to be dropped, PLOP. Fastback thinks they're wrong.... "We had a terrific year, for a first year," he said. Performers began to stop thinking of New Haven as a place to go between New York and Boston where you do your thing, pick up your money and move on. Now there's no place again. The arena, Woolsey Hall, Yale Bowl, they're all occasional, and demand lots of bread, and are downers into the bargain, and what else is there? The Exit, capacity 300? The House of the Zodiac (gentlemen wear ties, over 21 only)??? Clubs like Mad Beery Russian? Arthur (who, it's rumored, is going out of business too)? IT'S A DISASTER!!! And that's not all, folks: music is one of the main things that can bring us together, and as soon as the big money (free concerts?) starts disappearing, the Narraganset Brewing Co. and WNHC (who jointly—heh—sponsored the ill-fated Crosby-Stills-Nash and Young thing) aren't going to raise one hair of an eyebrow.

So what's to do? Join me at the new banquet room for the South Seas and reminisce about the past? Buy a record... make your own music... what can I say? If anyone has the balls to start even a HALF-decent and INEXPENSIVE place, let's everybody do it there, but until then, drop back ten years and punt...



ROCK REVIEW

John and Yoko and the Plastic Ono Band made an appearance at the *Toronto Rock & Roll Revival* with Eric Clapton on guitar. Included in the performance were such old standards as *Blue Suede Shoes, Dizzy Miss Lizzie,* and *Money,* plus a new Lennon-McCartney composition, *Cold Turkey.* Yoko's solo performance, consisting of assorted screams, moans, and grunts was roundly booed. Despite this Lennon was reported to be extremely pleased with the concert. This, plus the success of *Abbey Road,* might get the Beatles on the road again. Keep your fingers crossed.

The cancellation of the Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young concert at the Arena was due to the tragic death of David Crosby's wife in a car accident. Their replacement, the Chambers Brothers, just couldn't make the advance sales, so Narragansett Brewing, the sponsor, finally cancelled the whole thing. Meanwhile, no one is planning concerts this fall in New Haven.

New releases:

Arlo Guthrie/Runnin' Down the Road -- It's a pleasant departure from the previous two albums. Some Arlo-boppers may be disappointed by the lack of a long narrative but its absence is more than made up for by the selection and performance of the material. Included is a song of his father, *Oklahoma Hills,* two traditional folk songs, *Stealing* and *My Creole Belle,* plus original material.

Delaney and Bonnie/Home -- This album on Stax was recorded before the one on Elektra which came out at the beginning of the summer. Those who saw the disasterous performance with Blind Faith in Bridgeport will be amazed at both albums. Lotsa good C&W rock.

The Sons-- The Sons of Champlain have shortened their name but the style remains the same, good-time psychedelic. This could be one of the best albums of '69.

Break-ups: Frank Zappa has dissolved the Mothers of Invention. Saying he was tired of people who clap for all the wrong reasons, Zappa indicated he was breaking up the group in favor of completing an immense backlog of projects. In the works are several movies, 12 more Mothers albums (recorded but not mixed), plus albums on the Straight and Bizarre labels including Tim Buckley and Captain Beefheart.

Get-Togethers -- First tiny Tim, then Eric Clapton. Shortly after Mr. Tim announced his engagement to Miss Vicki Budinger, 17, of Philadelphia, Mr. Clapton, known as Slow-Hand to his friends, topped him by announcing his engagement to Miss Alice-Ombsby Gore, 17, the daughter of Lord Harlech. In case you've forgotten, Lord Harlech was linked romantically to the former Jacqueline Kennedy.

Rolling Stone Magazine is to be congratulated for its review of *The Masked Marauders,* a super-session album produced by Al Kooper featuring BobDylan, John Lennon, Mick Jagger, and Paul McCartney. Recorded in three days this spring on Canada's Hudson Bay, the double-jacketed LP features Mick and Paul in a probing sensitive version of *Kick Out The Jams.* Also included is an eighteen minute version of *Season of the Witch,* with a Dylan vocal highly reminiscent of early Donovan. The parody continues. See issue of Rolling Stone no. 44 for further information and details on how to purchase this hard-to-find masterpiece.

LINCOLN University 5-3015
LINCOLN AT TRUMBULL NEAR ORANGE

YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT !

HELD OVER!

ROBERT DOWNEY'S

"PUTNEY SWOPE"

The Truth and Soul Movie

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"I think the young people of the world should be required to see Medium Cool!"
—Rex Reed, HOLIDAY Magazine

Paramount Pictures presents
medium cool

produced by TULLY FRIEDMAN & HASKELL WEXLER / written and directed by HASKELL WEXLER
Persons under 16 not admitted technicolor a paramount picture

PLUS: A Happy Jewish Hippie
PETER SELLERS
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS

SOON—
CAMILLE 2000

The war,
the draft, the
ABM, our vast
expen- dit- ures
on wea- pons are
only sym- ptoms of
underly- ing atti-
tudes and pri- ori-
ties which vested in-
terests
have im
posed on the
the rest
of us ...
(ves- ted in-
ter ests)
that call
our war
department

the de- fense
depart- ment,
that call
the ABM...
the Safe-
guard.

The very lan-
guage which
they speak is
perverted, for
they can de-
fine what is
legal, define
what some-
thing will be named, de-
fine
what
is
legitimateandillegitimate.
We don't
have to
wait for
1984 for
Newspeak;
the Orwell-
ian horrors
are here now.

cr lawn

For sale: 1967 Honda Scrambler, $450. Call 1-734-3906.

For sale: 1960 Thunderbird with four new tires. $150. Call Marc, 1-734-3906.

Carporation: '64 Rambler sedan excellent condition, overhead 6. Call Richard Hexter, 624-4246 fast, faster, fastest and it's yours.

Rock drummer needs gig. Ten years professional experience. Also some guitar, keyboards. Capricorn-Aquarius. Call Tony Johnson, 777-1679.

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Free Cute Puppies and Mother Dog. Owner Moving. Call Bob, 776-4697.

Index VFB for the Alternative Press Index. Contact VFB, 865-2486.

For Sale: 1966 VW Van. Great for conversion to camper. $650. Also 1968 Husqvarna 250cc Motocross. Ride enduros or scrambles. $600. Call 776-8432 after 5PM.

2 chicks want to share 6 room apt. with 1 other chick or couple. Will have own room. Cost about $30 month per person. On Elm St. 6 blocks from Green. We keep late hours and are together in our heads, both 21. Call 624-3265 between 5and 6 PM. 5

If you know of any way I can get ahold of a copy of Mark Twain's *King Leopold's Soliloquoy* call me: I'm trying to educate myself. Rick 929-3819, call collect!

Richard Adams, P. C. Akwai, Debbie Anderson, Dale Bartholomew, Neal Beck, Margi Butler, Mark and Mary Caliendo, Bill Crawford, Flute, Joe supersteady Gelles, Orin Grossman, Maurice Hansen, Marsh Hoke, Mitch Kapor, C. R. spaced Lawn, Robyn Lewis, Alan McKnight, Madd Wyllie, w., Jim Meade, Linda Moss, Mick Mercier, Peter Moncure, Al Riccio, Dick Satz, Don Steed, Judy Visockis, Tricky General Nestle, assorted food and drugs, and J. Stubble.

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NEWINGTON
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NEW BRITAIN
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SPRINGFIELD
UFO Shop

WEST HAVEN
Etcetera II

WESTPORT
Rage Records

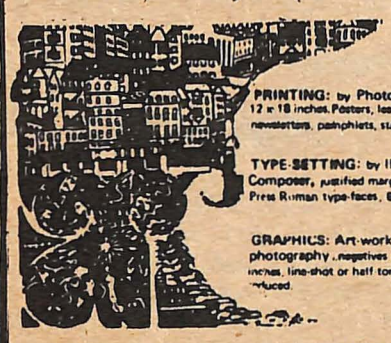
STRATFORD
The Know Place

WALLINGFORD
Underground Illuminating Co.

green halloween

At the rise of Hallowe'en
We'll see you on the Green
A quiet intense scene,
were no one will be mean

Prepare accordingly. Dress warm.
Practice witchery.
Foment inner rebellion, allowing blackness to escape into our eyes.....



PRINTING: by Photo-offset up to 12 x 18 inches. Posters, leaflets, bulletins, newsletters, pamphlets, stationery, cards.

TYPE-SETTING: by IBM Selectric Composer, justified margins, Univers & Press Roman type-faces, Bold or *italic*.

GRAPHICS: Art-work, headlines, photography, negatives up to 12 x 18 inches, line-shot or half tone, enlarged or reduced.

The Advocate Press
75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06511. (203) 777-0800.

MAC-TRIFF'S
Home of Jazz
1180 Chapel St.

campus disorders, harass kids smoking marijuana, land men on on the moon and mars, a few apparently unimportant problems are being neglected.

Unimportant problems like starvation both here and abroad, overpopulation, pollution, the danger of nuclear destruction.

But never fear, when the last fish in our rivers has died, when the last hungry baby has perished, when the last inhabitant has left the cities, when the air is no longer fit to breathe, we can take consolation in one lasting testimonial to our greatness. The rockets' red glare, the bombs bombs bursting in air, will give proof through the night that our flag is still there, waving proudly from the moon looking down on a barren earth.

LAWN CR

THE REBIRTH OF WONDER

AW

SEE OTO PLEASURES BPR DO

MARK CALIENDO

Thurs. Oct. 16
Flick—"Flying Deuces" (Laurel and Hardy) 7:30 & 9:30 The Exit
Flick—"Cat People" (1942) and "The Thing" (1951) 7:00 & 10:00
Bluegrass—The Enormous Room 8:30
*"Do Your Own Thing" (BYO Thing)— Southern Conn., Union West Common 8:00
*Lecture—"Relevancy in the Modern Theatre"—8:00—Quinnipac College Student Union

Fri. Oct. 17
Flick—"Street of Shame" (Japan, 1956)
Flick—"India, My India" Room 102, Dana Hall, University of Bridgeport 8:30
"A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum"
A stage production, 8:30—Quinnipac College, Alumni Hall
Dixieland—The Enormous Room 9:00
Folk—Swid The Exit 9:00
Lecture—Baba Ram Dass (Richard Alpert) Battell Chapel 8:00pm

Sat. Oct. 18
Farmer's Market 7:00am - 3pm, 490 Boulevard
Flick -- "Land Without Bread" (1932) & "Mexican Bus Ride" (1954) Luis Bunuel
Roomfull of Blues 9:00 The Exit
Folk—swid & others— 8:30 the Enormous Room

Sun. Oct. 19
Flea Market, 7:00—3pm, 490 Boulevard
Flick—"The Organizer" (Italy 1964) Marcello Mashoianni
Folk Dancing—8:00—165 Elm St.
Jam (BYO Instruments) 8:00—The Exit
Folk Mass—7:30—Quinnipac Student Union

Mon. Oct. 20
*Resistance Dinner—bring food if possible—6:00 The Enormous Room
Bingo—7:30—West Haven Knights of Columbus, 263 Center St., West Haven
Flick—"The Battle of Algiers" (France) 7:00—9:30—12:00 Yale Law School Auditorium
*Flick—"I Even Met Happy Gypsies" So. Connecticut College Union Commons
Experimental Flicks—9:00—The Exit

Tues. Oct. 21
Flick—"Passion of Joan Arc" (1928)
Folk—(9:00) The Exit

Wed. Oct. 22
Flick—"Moonfleet" (1954)
Flicks—The Council Film Festival of Award Winning Shorts 8:30 U of B Student Center
Rock—Brotherhood &Joe Mendyk—9:00—The Exit
Chamber Music—8:30—Enormous Room

Thurs. Oct. 23
Flick—"Hannibal" (1960) Victor Mature
Flick—"Tomb of Ligeia"—7:30&9:00—The Exit
Bluegrass—8:30—The Enormous Room
*Do your own thing—(BYO thing) 8:00 So. Conn. College Union West Commons
Bread and Roses—Peter the Capitalist

Fri. Oct. 24
Flick—"Weekend" (France, 1968)
Flick—"The Blue Max" 8:30 U of B Student Center
Flick—"The Married Women" (France) 8:30 Uof B, Dana Hall, rm 102
Dixieland—9:00—The Enormous Room
Folk—Tom Ghent, John & Carrie—9:00—The Exit
Bread & Roses— Movies

Sat. Oct. 25
Farmer's Market—7:00am—3:00pm, 490 Boulevard
Flick—"The Diary of a Chambermaid" (France, 1946)
Folk—swid & others—8:30—The Enormous Room
Folk—Tom Ghent & Jim McGrath—9:00—the Exit

Sun. Oct. 26
Flea Market—7:00am—3:00pm—490 Boulevard
Flick—"The Blue Max"—8:30—U of B Student Center
Folk Dancing—8:00—165 Elm St.

Mon. Oct. 27
*Resistance Dinner—bring food if possible—6:00 the Enormous Room
Bingo—7:30—W. Haven Knights of Columbus, 263 Center St., West Haven
*Flick—"La Strada"—8:00—So. Conn. College Union Commons
Theatre Games—9:00—The Exit
Flick—"Love Affair" (Yugoslavia, 1967)

Tues. Oct. 28
Flick—"Arsenal" (1928)
Folk—9:00—The Exit

Wed. Oct. 29
Flick—"Imitation of Life" (1959)
Flick—Two Halloween Horror Specials—8:30— U of B Student Center
Chamber Music—8:30—Enormous Room
Rock—9:00—The Exit

Thurs. Oct. 30
Flick—"The Girl Who Returned" (1969)
Flick—"The Victors"—7:30 & 9:30—The Exit
Bluegrass—8;30—The Enormous Room
Do Your Thing Night—(BYO Thing)-- So. Conn. College Union W. Commons
Bread and Roses—Music

Fri. Oct. 31
*HALLOWEEN ON THE GREEN—Everybody come high -- don't bring it New Haven Green
Flick—"Frankenstein" (1931)
Dixieland—9:00— The Enormous Room
Rock—Children of God—9:00—The Exit
Bread & Roses—Movies

Sat. Nov. 1
Farmer's Market—7:00am—3:00pm—490 Boulevard
Flick—"The Masque of the Red Death" (1964) Vincent Price
Rock—The Children of God—9:00—the Exit
Folk—swid &others— 8:30—The Enormous Room

Sun. Nov. 2
Flea Market—7:00am—3:00pm—490 Boulevard
Folk Dancing—8:00—165 Elm St.
Flute & Bass Solos—9:00—The Exit

Mon. Nov. 3
*Resistance Dinner—bring food if possible-6:00—The Enormous Room
Flick—"The Lady Vanishes" (Alfred Hitchcock)
Bingo—7:30—West Haven Knights of Columbus, 263 Center St., West Haven
*Greatest Show on Earth?— New Haven Board of Alderman's Meeting—8:00—Chamber of City Hall

*Freebees

Note: unless otherwise noted, all flicks are in Linsly—Chittenden Hall, 59 High St., at 7:00 & 9:30

the exit
corner of college + elm, new haven. 777-8900
a place to go

I have seen the Bird of Paradise, she has spread herself before me, and I shall never be the same again. There is nothing to be afraid of.
Nothing. Exactly.
R. D. Liang The politics of EXPERIENCE

If Nixon really wants to convince everyone of his sincerity, he should start withdrawing troops continually instead of bunches every once in a while. He could withdraw one soldier every fifteen minutes, the lucky ones to be chosen by lot in keeping with his lottery scheme for the draft. By withdrawing one soldier every fifteen minutes, Nixon could make a continuous effort to end the war while at the same time ensuring the war would last 14 more years! The last soldier left, in 1984, would be given the choice of coming home or being shot on the spot to become the unknown soldier. If he were properly educated by the military establishment he would doubtless choose eternal heroism over fleeting glory.

While the government spends billions to kill in Vietnam, make make new weapons, suppress

THE ADVENTURES OF
A. RICCIO
MARY JANE
A LITTLE EDUCATIONAL DATA OF HISTORICAL VALUE: DID YOU KNOW THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON GREW AND SMOKED GRASS!? THEY FOUND PROOF IN HIS PERSONAL DIARIES!
HEY! DID YOU SEE THE GRASS I'M GROWING!?
HOW MANY PLANTS!? 40? 50? 60?
ONE.
ONE!? LETS SEE IT.
HERE IT IS!
WOW!
WHAT THE HELL KINDA FERTILIZER DID YA USE!?
WANNA TRY SOME?
SURE!
WOW! THIS IS PRETTY GOOD STUFF!
SHEE-IT!
WHAT THE HELL IS IT!?
A FLOWERING TOP!
LETS SMOKE IT!
PAZOOM

RUFUS
THE INERADICABLE RADICAL REPTILE
"MORATORIUM DAY"
©1969 BILL CRAWFORD
A MESSAGE VIA THE GRAPEVINE...
PSST! ANTI-WAR MEETING ON THE GREEN! WEDNESDAY NOON! PASS IT ON!
ANOTHER ONE? NO FOOLIN!
PERSONALLY, RUFUS FAVORS MORE MILITANT TACTICS BUT...
OH WELL... IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WHILE EATING YOUR LUNCH! CHOMP
...SO HE WENT!
BUT NO SOONER HAD HE GOT THERE WHEN HE KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING REALLY SCREWY GOING ON!
WHAA...? KATE SMITH?!
GAWD BLESS AMERIKAAA...!
OOMPA! OOMPA!
GOVERNORS FOOTGUARD BAND
AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT LOOK WHO'S SPEAKING!
FELLOW AMERICANS!
IN THE STAR-SPANGLED AMERICAN TRADITION OF FREE SPEECH AND RESPONSIBLE DISSENT WE ARE GATHERED HERE BLAH, BLAH...
IN OTHER WORDS, WE HAVE COME HERE IN AN ORDERLY WAY TO SAY WE ARE FED UP WITH THE WAR! WE HAVE COME TO TELL THE PRESIDENT ON NO UNCERTAIN TERMS...
...THAT WE STAND SOLIDLY BEHIND HIM IN HIS TIRELESS SEARCH FOR PEACE, JUSTICE AND...
HOGWASH!
HOODLUM! YOUNG RUFFIAN! WOULD YOU DESTROY OUR SYSTEM? HAVE YOU NOTHING CONSTRUCTIVE TO....
AWK!
ARRGH! I'LL CONSTRUCT A DENT IN YOUR SKULL, PIG!
HELP! POLICE!
10/69 - BILL CRAWFORD -